Hunting Season

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11175573.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Abigail Hobbs, Mischa Lecter, Will Graham's Dogs, Garrett Jacob Hobbs
Additional Tags:	Vampire!Will, Vampires, alternative universe, Alternative Beginning, Hannibal and Will are flirty, Blood, Blood Drinking, typical cannibalism, Hannibal Being Hannibal, Will being a sassy vampire, Sequel to Winter Moon, But can stand alone as well
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of Monster Challenge, Part 2 of Cannibals and Vampires
Stats:	Published: 2017-06-12 Updated: 2018-12-14 Words: 2,367 Chapters: 2/4

Hunting Season

by Anna_Jay

Summary

The Minnesota Shrike was on the move. Too bad he never thought he would have to consider vampires as a potential threat. A sequel to Winter Moon.

Chapter 1

The train rattled as it moved, the passengers swaying along with the motion. The hard patter of rain had eased up until Abigail could see out the window instead of streaks of water. She fidgeted in her seat as she worked up the potential conversations she could strike up with the target her father had picked. It had to be perfect. Her father said this would be the last one for a while; he promised they would take a break. She'd like that, she thought. It was taxing, but, it made her father happy. Abigail wanted him to be happy. She took a deep breath and steadied herself.

"Is this seat taken?"

Abigail was torn from her thoughts as a woman with long, blonde hair hovered by the seat across from her. Her hand was on the back of the chair and the other grasping her backpack strap. Abigail mentally cursed but smiles.

"No, go ahead."

The blonde flashed her a dazzling smile, and Abigail was momentarily stunned by her beauty. The blonde tucked her bag in the overhead compartment and glided into her seat. She held out her hand, flashed another smile, and introduced herself. "My name is Mischa, what's yours?"

"Abigail Hobbs," Abigail took Mischa's hand. When their hands parted, she became aware she gave Mischa her real name. An amateur slip, and she could feel his disapproval from where he was sitting a few seats back. Abigail thought of a way to excuse herself.

"Where are you headed?" Mischa asked.

"To talk to that girl," Abigail blurted. Why did she say that?

"Oh?" Mischa looked over at Abigail's target, and she gave her a sly look. "I meant where you were traveling to, but I see I am interrupting something. She is pretty cute, isn't she?"

"What?" Abigail, who's mind was still trying to wrap around her slip up, felt her face heat up as Mischa wagged her eyebrows. "Oh no, not like that. I'm—"

Mischa held up her hand. "No, no. No need to explain. I know the thrill of young love. I remember my first love at first sight." She sighed, her eyes closed in a dreamy manner. Abigail tilted her head, her head feeling a little clearer. Mischa looked like she was a few years older than her, three years max perhaps. Yet, she acted like she was much older. It reminded Abigail of conversations with her grandmother.

The sun found a break in the clouds and brought a warm light through the windows. Mischa winced.

“Do you mind terribly if I close the blinds?” She asked as she reached up and pulled them down. “I was up late last night. Midterms have been a bitch this year.”

“Are you in college? Abigail inquired instead of answering ‘no, I don’t mind’ like her brain told her to do. She could barely spit out the question, and it caused her words to fumble. Mischa laughed.

“Yes, it is my… hm, let’s see,” she paused to think. “Actually I don’t know what year I’m in. I’ve changed my major so much.” She chuckled and shook her head. “My brother wanted me to go into psychiatry, but I found it too tiring, too boring.”

“That’s okay, not everyone knows what they want to be when they grow up,” Abigail reassured.

“Do you know what you want to be?” Mischa asked.

“A photographer,” Abigail said, then, almost against her will, added, “It’s kind of like hunting.”

This caught Mischa’s attention. “Oh, you hunt?” Abigail nodded. “What do you hunt? Deer? Or something a little more wild?” Her eyes seemed to light up, her brown, near maroon eyes almost appearing red in the dim lighting.

Abigail was taken aback, and before she could respond, the train began to slow, and Mischa’s attention was diverted to the window. She took a tentative peek behind the blind.

“Looks like this is my stop.”

She jumped to her feet, slung her backpack over her shoulder, and grabbed her overhead bag with a grace Abigail knew she couldn’t pull off if she tried.

Mischa winked before heading to the doors. “It’s been fun, Abigail. Hope we bump into each other again sometime.”

Abigail waited until Mischa was out of sight before opening the blinds. She followed the swing of blonde hair as Mischa approached a man in unfitting clothes and unruly hair, but he had the most electrifying blue eyes Abigail had ever seen. He was holding an open umbrella despite the lack of rain.

The two hugged. Mischa placed a kiss to his cheek; the man smiled. Not a boyfriend, Abigail mused. He was too young to be her father. He could be the brother she had mentioned, but he held no resemblances. Adopted, perhaps?

The train started to move. Abigail was about to close the blind until something, or rather someone, caught her eye. She felt her stomach drop.

The target had left the train.

“You’d be so proud of me, papa,” Mischa chattered as she reclined in the front seat of Will’s car. “I saved a human today, but I don’t think the hunter really wanted to kill her. She seemed sad actually.”

“Don’t call me papa,” Will said with no heat to his words. “Why did you think she was in danger?”

“Just intuition.”

The car reeked of dogs, but Mischa smiled as she picked off the hairs from her jacket. “Pick up a new stray?”

Will hummed and tapped his fingers on the steering wheel as he waited for the light to turn. “How have your tests been? Did you manage to pass any of them this time, or where you too busy partying again?”

“Blatantly avoiding the question I see. Definite yes,” Mischa laughed, and Will flashed her a smile. “What’s his name?”

“Winston.”

“He sounds adorable.”

“I haven’t even described him yet, Mischa.”

“All of your dogs are adorable.”

Will shook his head and rolled his eyes. It was an improper habit Hannibal had not been able to break him of. Speaking of which…

“Does Hanni know you have another dog?”

“What he doesn’t know won’t hurt me.”

“Hanni hurting you?” Mischa raised an eyebrow at that, and Will gave a rueful smile.

“He does keep a large sack of garlic on hand.”

“You are both ridiculous,” Mischa rolled her eyes, a habit Hannibal couldn’t break her from either which he blamed Will. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m exhausted and I’m going to take a nap.”

“We will be there in less than ten minutes.”

“Plenty of time to nap.”

Mischa reached back and pulled a blanket absolutely covered in dog hair from the backseat, reclined her chair a little more, and threw the blanket over her face. Will was constantly amazed by his childe, not that he would say that out loud. She had an ego that rivaled her brother's. He adjusted the volume on the radio and tried to think of a way to get out of being in trouble for allowing Mischa to be covered in dog hair. There was no good solution.

Chapter 2

“That better not be my sister, William.” Hannibal said as he looked on in disgust at the bundle Will was carrying. “When was the last time you washed that blanket? It is not coming into my house.”

Will smiled sheepishly as he readjusted his grip. What a sight he must make, standing in front of Hannibal’s lavish home with a blanket infested with dog hair with only a pair legs sticking out.

“Mischa wouldn’t wake up,” Will apologized. “Can we please come in?”

Hannibal leaned against the door frame in thought before holding his arms to take Mischa. Will relinquished his childe and took the blanket once he was sure she was safe from the brightening day. He moved to follow, but Hannibal tutted. “The blanket stays out.”

Will refrained from rolling his eyes and returned the blanket to his car. When he entered the house the kitchen was empty and he could hear Hannibal upstairs. He sat on the kitchen stool and took a deep breath. He always liked the smell of Hannibal’s home. It was clean with a hint of bleach, but no amount of cleaner could fully remove the underlying metallic smell only a vampire’s nose could detect. Today it seemed to be a little stronger than usual. Will closed his eyes and tilted his head. He could hear a pair of beating hearts coming from down below.

“I thought you went hunting a week ago,” Will said when Hannibal returned. He followed him into the living room and took the wine glass offered. He took his place on the couch while Hannibal took the arm chair by the fire place. The curtains were closed. “You couldn’t have run out of the salesman by now.”

“They are for you, dear William. I heard you are on a new case, and, knowing you, you probably haven’t fed.” He took note of Will’s pallor and frowned.

Will withheld a grimaced and hid it by readjusting. “It has been a little… strenuous.”

“And when was the last time you slept properly?” Hannibal asked referring to the dark circles ever prominent.

Will avoided the question by taking a sip of his “wine”. He managed to resist gulping it down in one go. He really was hungry.

“You have enough for Mischa too?” Will asked once he was able to tear his lips away from the glass.

“Of course.” Will would have laughed at the near offended tone in the human’s voice, but he didn’t want to have to deal with Hannibal’s wounded ego. But, then again, making it up to Hannibal was always… enjoyable.

Giving one last lick around the edge of his glass, Will got up from his spot to wind his way to Hannibal's chair. He set the glass on the end table and climbed into Hannibal's lap.

"You smell like dog." Hannibal groused, and Will shushed him.

"You've had worse things on you." Will nuzzled Hannibal's greying hair, relaxing more as Hannibal wrapped his arms around him. He moved his head down, avoiding Hannibal's lips in favor of his favorite spot on his body. He placed gentle kisses along Hannibal's neck, enjoying the pulse beneath his touch. He smirked as Hannibal offered more of his neck and he set about gently nibbling at the flesh.

Hannibal brought a hand through Will's curls, massaging the back of his head before gripping a handful and yanking Will's head back just as the vampire tried to bite down. Will whined, his fangs still distended, and eyes flashing red momentarily.

"Now, William, you know we don't feed in the living room," Hannibal gently scolded with a smile Will could only describe as wicked. "I also don't want to risk waking Mischa."

"An atomic bomb couldn't wake her right now." Will growled, but distanced himself so he could face Hannibal fully. Hannibal relaxed his grip and pet the curls in apology. He moved his hand down to stroke his thumb over the back of Will's neck.

"You should sleep too," Hannibal coaxed Will to stand and took his hand.

"Only if you join me," Will teased, but Hannibal wouldn't raise to the bait.

"I have an appointment this afternoon and I'm meeting with Dr. Bloom after. Plenty of time for you get some well-deserved sleep." Hannibal smiled as he lead Will to the bedroom. Will huffed and complained he didn't need sleep and that he was fine, but as soon as Hannibal stripped him of his clothes and tucked him into bed he was out like a light. Hannibal chuckled and gave the slumbering vampire one last kiss before closing the door, casting the room in total darkness.

Will was awake by the time Hannibal returned. He was grading student papers, completely focused and a healthy glow to his skin. Hannibal came up behind him, not worrying about startling him, and wrapped his arms around him. He took a deep sniff in Will's neck, causing the vampire to laugh. "I see you enjoyed the meal I brought for you."

"I had a feeling you were behind the disappearance of the glasgow murder suspect," Will sighed before gently shaking Hannibal off. Now that he wasn't focused on keeping his gnawing hunger at bay he could put his whole attention to his students' midterm papers. Many of them were very promising.

Hannibal relented and pulled away with one last distracting bite at Will's neck, one that tore the vampire attention away from his work.

“You know, for a human you sure bite a lot,” Will grumbled and spun on the stool to face Hannibal, spreading his legs so he could stand between them.

“You like it,” Hannibal smiled as Will practically purred as he rubbed his shoulders.

“Mischa’s awake, so don’t get any ideas.” Will warned, but he made no move to pull away.

Hannibal leaned in and Will allowed his lips to be captured in a gentle kiss. While they wrapped up in each other, screams began in the padded rooms in the basement as Mischa fed on the meal Hannibal left for her. She left his corpse next the discarded glasgow murder and took a quick shower. By the time she stepped into the kitchen Hannibal was cooking supper and Will was finishing up his grading. They both had dark bruises on their necks with Hannibal’s collar stained with a few drops of blood. Will smiled when Mischa approached, and she caught the hint of pink staining his teeth.

“You two were being gross again, weren’t you?” She asked and wrinkled her nose. Hannibal and Will exchanged looks, and Mischa groaned. Still, she skipped her way to Hannibal and have him a hug.

Will turned back to his grading, marking the last test as he listened to the siblings talk. English transitioned to French and back again. Mischa said something. Hannibal laughed. Will smiled. Hannibal turned into a different person when he was with his sister. He was less stiff, more open. It reminded Will of frozen winters and children playing. Years may have passed, but Lecters still acted like the same children Will saved all those years ago.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!